

A decorative border with intricate floral and scrollwork patterns, rendered in a dark gray color, framing the entire page.

“I Love You Too Trash Mouth”

got credits
(Poly_Grumps)

“I Love You Too Trash Mouth” by got credits (Poly_Grumps)

Category: IT (2017)

Genre: Because I DO WHAT I WANT, Clowns, Kidnapping, M/M, Spooky, also ya know how bev wasn't scared of pennywise because she faced her biggest fear already?? well, and i do what i want, because gay, cause fuck man, cause gay, haha - Freeform, haha sorry for the gayness, he loves eddie so much, i kept seeing ones were eddie is the one taken but here's one where richie is, pennywise takes richie instead of bev, that's why, uh i didnt know how to tie that in for richie so basically his gayness is what saves him

Language: English

Characters: Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon, Pennywise (IT), Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris

Relationships: Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-09-24

Updated: 2017-09-24

Packaged: 2020-01-20 18:10:43

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,480

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

His nerves started to relax and he let out a deep breath, turning the water off and snatching worse for wear glasses off the back of the sink. The was met with his vision clearing back up and staring back at him was his reflection in the mirror. Once again, no clown to worry about.

Alright, there was either a videogame or a movie marathon awaiting him back in his room! Richie smiled faintly, turning towards the door. His blood ran cold at the sight of a tall figure in the doorway. With a sudden silent move, the tall clown figure suddenly grabbed him with one hand, fingers digging into Richie's jaw.

For once in his life, he's rendered utterly speechless.

(TLDR: Richie is the one taken by Pennywise instead of Bev, and Eddie's inner gay comes out)

“I Love You Too Trash Mouth”

He didn't care if Bill was hell bent on catching some clown, monster, whatever it was, Richie had a summer to live-to experience. What would that summer be? Getting that high score on street fighter! He'd much rather mash buttons on an old arcade console than fight a child eating monster, is that so hard to understand?

Richie used one hand to push up his thick lensed glasses, attention on the large combo he was trying to build up-and once again he was handed a plate of defeat, or in other words, he received a game over. He fished through the pocket of his shorts for another quarter to feed the machine and was met with disappointment when he was met with nothing but pocket lint. “Damn it.”

Out of quarters again.

He stepped away from the machine, sighing as he stepped back outside. Maybe old Eddie spaghetti could step out of the plastic bubble his mother was keeping him in for a minute and they could chat, he could see how his arm was doing.. For a minute or so, he considered it before he decided against it. Eddie probably wouldn't want to see him anytime soon anyways even if his mother did allow Richie to see him.

The raven haired man hadn't even noticed his head hang a bit lower at the thought, walking home in defeat. His father would be at work and his mother left that morning without saying much. Perhaps he could find something to do, home.. Alone. Even though the thought of that had started to make him feel uneasy, Richie wasn't going to let some bastard clown get under his skin anymore.

As he unlocked the front door, he closed and locked the door behind him quickly. Richie went around, locking every window and door in the house, double checking each time. That thing was still roaming around without any cares, he wasn't going to take any risks to become a clown snack. Once he had double checked just about everywhere, he started to walk upstairs towards the restroom.

He wanted to rinse his face off, climb into his bed, and try to relax.

Richie flicked the switch, turning on the light as he stepped into the bathroom. Quick inspection, everything seemed normal. A small sigh of relief filled his lungs as he slid off his glasses and set them on the back of the sink. His vision blurred from the lack of lenses, but he could see enough in front of him to man the sink. He turned the faucet, letting a stream of cold water start to flood from the spigot. He leaned forward, splashing the cooling water over his freckled face.

His nerves started to relax and he let out a deep breath, turning the water off and snatching worse for wear glasses off the back of the sink. The was met with his vision clearing back up and staring back at him was his reflection in the mirror. Once again, no clown to worry about.

Alright, there was either a videogame or a movie marathon awaiting him back in his room! Richie smiled faintly, turning towards the door. His blood ran cold at the sight of a tall figure in the doorway. With a sudden silent move, the tall clown figure suddenly grabbed him with one hand, fingers digging into Richie's jaw.

For once in his life, he's rendered utterly speechless.

It had started an argument in the first place for his mother to dare let Eddie leave the house, but after he ended up storming out of the house, there was one person oddly enough that could make this better: Richie Tozier.

The walk was short but Eddie soon found himself knocking on the door, raising a brow as the front door creaked open with little no force. "*It's not locked..* " he thought, hesitantly starting to step inside. "Richie?" he called.

A shudder ran through him at no answer.

That was a not a good sign.

Eddie took a moment to gather himself, pushing further into the home. It was what he expected the Tozier home to be like, messy, alcohol bottles resting by the armchair, the television was still on as

well. Food wrappers and cans rested on the table, showing just another example of how Richie's whole family was just as messy as him. There have been many times Eddie wished he could clean up this whole home, and he has expressed how much he wished the raven haired man would clean up his room at least.

"Richie!" The brunette called, fear wavering in his voice. He heard a little noise from upstairs. Maybe his friend just.. Went home and took a nap, Richie was a heavy sleeper after all.

All his senses felt on edge as he started to walk upstairs, almost each old stair creaking underneath his feet. As he reached the top of the steps, he tensed fully. A trail of blood dripped from the bathroom to Richie's room. "Please-please... be okay.." he mumbled under his breath, taking another deep breath before he pushed his friend's bedroom door open.

Wall to wall, missing posters lined the walls. Each poster reading in big bold letters: **MISSING** . Underneath a large blown up photo of his almond eyed, oversized beat up glasses wearing friend, was his name and age. Then there was a date last seen and location. Eddie felt him clenching his good fist, reading over the blood painting over a section of the posters, *you'll die if you try* .

Without much more thought, Eddie turned around briskly, storming down the stairs. His heart was beating a thousand miles a minute and his thoughts were racing. He didn't care how he was going to save him, but there was one thought going through his mind, Richie Tozier was not going to go missing.

He didn't know how crazy and scared he sounded until he was practically begging Bill to help him, help him get Richie back. "I-I know you two aren't on great terms, but-but he doesn't deserve to die Bill!" Eddie was exclaiming, hands trembling as he felt his friend's hands rest on his shoulders.

Eddie looked up, his desperate eyes meeting with Bill's. Staring back at him were a pair of stern determined eyes, knocking hints of fear out of the other boy. "W-w-we, will f-find h-him," The stuttering boy

spoke up, squeezing Eddie's shoulders before he let go.

It wasn't too long before they had the whole club back together racing towards that monster's lair.

Richie let out a small groan, his almond eyes fluttering open. Everything was blurred from his lack of glasses, but he could make out a cold wet feeling on the ground and a faint smell, the type of smell that comes after a long rain storm. Laying on the ground beside him, he could make out his glasses among the fuzzy darkness. He reached out, weakly gripping the glasses as he started sit up. He adjusted, spotting a massive pile of assorted items almost arranged like a tower and-bodies. Bodies floating all like they were suspended in water, and the true meaning of "we all float" made more sense.

"Fuck.." he whispered, starting to stumble to his feet. "Fuck, fuck, fuck," he mumbled, looking around the area for an exit or some sort of hope for survival. There was no way in hell that he was going to be clown food today! He had a life to get to, he had someone.. Someone that he loved, that he needed to get to.

He stumbled his way towards what he assumed to be a door, trying and prying with all his might, mumbling swears in between the useless attempts to pry it open. He looked up at a few noises behind him, his whole body tensing at the noises. He turned around, the noise of a music box behind him. "Fff-" he mumbled, looking back behind him.

The little "show", the clown put on was certainly.. Something. Richie hissed, feeling that creature's hands dig into his shoulders. "Suck a dick-" the almond eyed man mumbled under his breath, attempting to struggle against Pennywise's hold. Even though he was fighting against his nerves, there was one face that was getting him through this whole mess.

Eddie Kaspbrak, who Richie knew was the love of his life. He's known this for a few weeks now, that gentle sweet sweet smile, the little laugh you rarely heard but was almost like a reward for a witty joke... "I'm not afraid.. Of you, freak," he mumbled under his breath,

feeling the hands around his neck tighten.

“You will be,” The creature hissed in a threatening low hiss, it’s dark orange eyes meeting with Richie’s. Before the kid could utter out a quip, he watched the clown’s jaw start to unhinge. Large rows of razor sharp teeth could be made out as his mouth opened like a python ready to swallow it’s prey hole. Instead of just eating him here and there, his “face” folded back to flash larger rows of teeth in the mouth cavity, a faint yellow light glow emitting from it.

Saliva dripped from the walls of teeth, the deep lights glowed, lighting up the rows chompers. Like a deer caught in headlights, Richie felt his entire body tense. He couldn’t take his eyes away from the piercing lights, an almost weightless feeling striking him. His struggling arms started to droop down limply, a dull entranced look befalling his face. His head tilted back, Richie’s thick lensed glasses falling off his face and hitting the floor under his drifting feet with a loud clang. The hands moved away from his neck, letting the boy go to let him float there almost suspended in time, more or less leaving him as a snack for later.

The whole time, Eddie couldn’t shake images of his trashmouth having his head bitten off by a monster clown or being torn into two, limbs and all being snacked on. All the meanwhile, Richie is screaming for someone to find him-for someone to care-“Eddie!”

The nervous kid was pulled out of his worry by Beverly, the ginger hair colored girl resting her hand on his shoulder for a moment with a reassuring brave smile. “We’re going to find him,” She assured, momentarily returning Eddie’s confidence.

“We’re going to find him..” he repeated, trudging on. He’s already had everything else thrown at him, Eddie was not losing Richie too. The group moved on through his lair, momentarily losing poor Stan and then having Bill wander off. Still, he pushed through into some sort of sick, sick lair.

It was disgusting, germs must be crawling over every inch of this thing.. He was pulled out of his fear at the sight of a familiar raven

haired boy floating just out of reach-and he wasn't sure how he could process anything, his heart was beating much too loud for him to think. "Richie!"

Eddie rushed towards him, but being a short child and only having one good arm didn't help as he fumbled to try and get Richie down. His fingertips barely brushed over Richie's worn almost goodwill worthy worn down sneakers. Before panic could set in, he looked over to see Ben boosting Mike on his shoulders to get enough height to tug Richie down by the ankles. It was almost like his body no longer wanted to play by gravity, instead it wanted to float away from the children. With the two boys and a little help from Bev, he was back on the ground.

He kneeled down, picking up the lost glasses, fidgeting with them for a moment. Fear and anxiety started to pool up in the back of his throat, once again his negativity starting to come back. What if they were too late? What if Richie was already-no, he's not dead.. He gripped onto the glasses, reaching out for him.

When he was within reach, Eddie rested his good hand on Richie's shoulder, confusion flashing across his face. Instead of those beautiful brown eyes so full of life he loved, staring back at him were a pair of almost milky white gray orbs. No snarky comebacks or annoying impressions, just a blank lifeless slate of a face staring at him. "C-come on trashmouth," Eddie spoke up, free hand shaking Richie's shoulder. "Wake up, please," he begged, swallowing thickly.

A certain silence fell over the kids, fear striking a chord in them. "Someone, snap him out of it! He's not-he can't be-!" Eddie can barely process, he was stuttering, struggling against thick tears. Richie Tozier was NOT dead.

He fought the urge to break down right then and there, begging someone to do something, anything. Hell, Stan even gathered all his nerves and slapped his hand as hard as he could manage across Richie's face in an attempt to break him out of the trance. Nothing, not even a blink on his numb face, just a read mark forming on his cheek.

"Richie Tozier!" Eddie screamed, his voice cracking in between the

sobs welling up. He didn't want to leave him here-he couldn't leave him in this dark sad sewer. He let out a shaky breath, pushing away his fears and sadness as he slid his free arm around Richie.. This may be the very last time the two of them will be together like this.

His heart started to race, everything felt like it slowed down as he leaned in, pressing his lips onto Richie's. They were soft, sweeter than he thought they'd be. For a few short moments, he was able to forget about all the fear, all the pain, and just focus on the moment. Although it only lasted a few seconds, the kiss felt as if it lasted an eternity.

When Eddie pulled back from his crush's lips, his shaking hands opened the glasses up and started to slide them onto Richie's nose. Silent tears streamed down his face, hopes momentarily dying until he saw the life start to return to those dull orbs. Slowly, a faint smirk graced his lips for a moment. "Whoa there Eddie spaghetti, you sure know how to sweep a gal off her feet."

For once in his life, Eddie was never more happy in his life to hear Richie taunting him. "Shut up dip shit," he replied, trying to cover up a laugh as the other pulled him into a tight hug.

There were a million things Richie could have said, a thousand questions he could have asked, but this time.. There were only a few words he could force out of his sore throat, "I love you Eddie."

Another beat of silence passed before the most romantic sentence could ever be uttered out of his crush's mouth, "I love you too trash mouth."

Author's Note:

haha excuse any mistakes or whatever, i wrote this all in one session as a quick one shot (to attempt to get into writing once again). so i kept seeing stuff where it's eddie who gets taken by pennywise (and ya know, richie kisses him), so i wanted to write an alternative version where it's richie who's taken by pennywise. anyways, i hope you enjoyed this little mini thingy (sorry if my descriptions are weird and

stuff, i don't write often because i have a hard enough time getting my words out correctly in real life)

anyways, sorry if i remembered anything wrong (i saw the new movie a few days ago and am iffy on details towards the end tbh. it was late and i was a sleepy child who needed to go home and rest), also sorry if i didn't write the characters very well, a few stuff was more or less personal headcannons ͇(ツ)͇/_

sorry for this long boring note btw, thanks for reading!! this was just a short one shot soooo